

## Silly Habit-- The Banquet

THE American banquet is an institution that has always puzzled foreigners. Even in the old wet days they wondered why we took such delight in gathering in stuffy banquet halls, eating indigestible meals and listening to more or less stupid speeches delivered, not for the hearers, but for newspaper publication the next day. And now that banquets are "dry" they wonder how a sane man can stand them.

The banquet season has opened. Each distinguished delegate to the Armament Conference will get a banquet. He will write out his speech in advance and have copies for all the reporters before he squirts his grapefruit into his eye.

Who gets up these banquets? Who sells the tickets? What is done with the money that is left over? Is it all a business? Or is it merely a vice? These are mysteries.

What is not a mystery, however, is the identity of those who usually sit on the "dais of honor" and those who are "among those present." Because, at nearly all banquets, the list is the same.

A foreign admiral arrives and gets a banquet. On the dais are one Cabinet officer, one officer of some chamber of commerce, a banker, Mr. Stuff, the distinguished jeweler; a local politician and a well-known society chap, who is president of some other banquet-giving outfit. Among those present are Mr. Goof, Mr. Dubb, Mr. Snoop and Mr. Pipp.

Along comes a distinguished author who also gets a banquet. On the dais sit a Cabinet officer, a representative of a chamber of commerce, Mr. Stuff, the jeweler, etc. And among those present are Mr. Goof, Mr. Dubb, Mr. Snoop and Mr. Pipp.

And throughout the whole banquet season we read of these same names as present at every one.

Are they all members of some secret society like the Ku Klux Klan? Is it a conspiracy of some sort? Is it merely accidental?

Or, is it possible that in this country we have a species of the human race that should be classified as banquet hounds?

And, if so, what is the nature of the sensation they get out of it?

### Here's a Judge for You!

"A Daniel come to judgment, a Daniel! . . . O wise young judge, how do I honor thee! . . . O noble judge! O excellent young man!"

THESE encomiums were bestowed by Shakespeare by way of Shylock upon Portia for the simple reason that Shakespeare had never heard of Justice Friedlander. Had Friedlander lived in those days, Shakespeare would probably have devoted a whole play to him.

Two tenants who came before this worthy judge were ordered to pay an increase in rent. When they declared that they were out of work and had no money, His Honor drew out his checkbook and gave them a check to cover the increased amount for six months.

It is a grand precedent for the administration of future justice. Its possibilities are beautiful.

A debtor says he cannot pay. So the judge pays. A delinquent contractor cannot finish a building. The judge goes out and finishes it himself. A delinquent actor finds that his temperament prevents him fulfilling his contract. The judge takes his place in the cast.

A married couple cannot arrange their marital difficulties and want to separate. The judge—but, no, we haven't the faintest idea what form the most generous altruism could take under these circumstances.

Nevertheless, it is a great idea. Attaboy, judge!

## How Do You Feed Child?

WHAT the child eats determines what manner of people the parents are. More important than that, however, the child's diet determines what manner of man or woman the child will become. And if a whole generation of children is misfed, a whole generation of adults will soon be giving a great deal of work to a whole generation of medical men.

The Department of the Interior—aptly named in this case—knows this and has issued an excellent set of pamphlets on the feeding of children. Every parent ought to read the booklet on Diet for the School Child, in particular; but every parent won't. Some of the good information, however, is printed here.

On the first page appears these rules, old ones, but solidly sensible and tested:

1—Meals should be given at regular times. If a child gets very hungry two or three times before time for the next meal, give him a slice of bread and butter—no candy, fruit or pastry.

2—Plenty of water should be given. Between meals, however, and not to wash down the food.

3—Children often have to be taught to like things that are good for them. Be patient, but firm, in teaching a child to like new foods.

4—Children should not be forced to eat when not hungry.

5—They should be happy while eating. Let the mealtime be a joyous occasion, without undue excitement just before, during, or after eating.

6—Plenty of time should be allowed for meals. Insist on thorough chewing.

7—Dirt is dangerous. Children should have clean hands and faces while eating. Keep the flies away.

Then follow seven pages of what a child should eat and how it should be prepared, with this summary:

"Every child should have at least one pint of milk a day either to drink or in his food. It is the very best food there is. He should drink plenty of water between meals. Children should not drink tea or coffee at all.

"There should be plenty of bread and cereals, particularly oatmeal and whole wheat breads, which should be used freely. They are better for the growing children than white bread.

"Children can not be healthy and strong unless they have plenty of vegetables every day. Fresh vegetables are to be preferred, but when these are unobtainable, dried or canned vegetables should be given. Fruits are necessary and should be given every day if possible.

"Fish may be substituted for meat, and eggs at a higher price per pound than meat should not be considered a luxury.

"Milk, vegetables and cereals are more necessary than meat and should be provided first."

Any mother who cares sufficiently for the health of her children could get that pamphlet by asking the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education, for Health Education Booklet No. 2. Price, nothing.

## Once-Over.

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SUCCESS AND KEEPING IT.

By J. J. MUNDY.

You are anxious to shine in some way or accomplishment and be noticed for some particular thing as a self-expression above the ordinary.

You think that if you could get away somewhere to study in your own home you will not do it when you get away, at least not to a degree which would warrant the extra money and time you spend to get to this outside school.

It is the spirit of finding the time to study whether you can or not which is the difference between success and failure.

Success means sacrifice, and none but those who are willing and insist upon sacrifice to the limit ever reach the high place and stay there.

And it is the staying there which counts.

## "GUESS I'LL USE THESE GLASSES FOR A CHANGE"

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SENTIMENT is good; but sentimentality is a form of auto-intoxication. There are many self-intoxicated Americans these days who, in their vision of world problems, overlook facts and ignore the practical interests of their own country.

But we hope that the elected officials of the United States, who owe first allegiance to the American people, will do as our good old Uncle in the picture, doff the sentimentality and idealism spectacles and look through the lenses of American interests.

## THEY'RE HUMAN

By William Atherton Du Puy

I met Pat Sullivan, Republican national committeeman for Wyoming, in a hotel lobby in Washington.

Ten years ago I had stopped off with a group of other newspapermen at Casper, Wyo., a little town in the sage brush, and Pat Sullivan had been the chairman of a local committee which entertained us and enlarged, as Westerners do, upon the wealth-making opportunities of the community.

We were driven five miles out on the desert over the dustiest road in the world and shown four or five derricks that were pounding drills into mother earth. They were sure to get oil. Sullivan said, and just to let us in on it he was going to see that each of us was given a hundred dollar share of stock. We grunted disinterestedly.

We went back to lunch at the business men's club, where we chatted familiarly with the boy who waited on the table, for the West pays little attention to social distinctions. That night we went away and Sullivan, evidently through oversight, neglected to give us our complimentary stock.

Within a year this desert around Casper had become one of the greatest oil fields in the nation. The boy who served us at lunch that day is now a new millionaire come out of the West. Casper has multiplied its population by ten and become the metropolis of Wyoming. Had we got our hundred dollar share of stock that day we would every one have been richer men.

It is too bad one can't always identify this opportunity person.

Senator William H. King of Utah labors in his rooms at the Senate Office Building five nights a week, nearly always lingering until the clock strikes one, and sometimes two. He studies the problems that arise with relation to which Congress must legislate. He says, for instance, that he has read for twenty nights on the problems of canal tolls. He believes that he has read 150 volumes on finance. He has dug into foreign relations, rivers and harbors, immigration.

"When you go down through the halls of the Senate Office building along about 1 and 2 o'clock of a morning," I asked him, "do you find the midnight oil burning in many of the offices of your associates?"

"Not yet," he said, "but I have only been doing this four or five years. Maybe I will find one of them up there some time."

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## Be Rid of Things!

By Angela Morgan

BE rid of things! If you would find your wings. If you would live in freedom and be whole. Destroy the nettles that disturb the soul. And clear the universe of fretful stings—Be rid of things!

Strange is the frenzy of the will to gain. Those burdens that must bring a later pain. Mad is the man who to his own dismay Amasses what his reason flings away. How can the mind live cheerfully its best Within a horne's nest?

More lives are hurt by hoarding useless things Than by the losses dread disaster brings.

Why should we hold this carnival of greed, Loading the life beyond its simple need? Why should the soul be servant of the clay, Entangled in the trash of every day? Go, sweep the cluttered corners and be glad; Sign not for any treasured thing you had.

Give to the poor the garments put away. Stored needlessly against a rainy day. Better to strip the shelves and closets clean Than smother in a selfishness so mean. Let not the cares of earth destroy your wings—Be rid of things!

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## K. MILLER

His Idiotical on

Gates Now Open.

FOR a limited time only. Washington's museum of silk hats, chin whiskers, nobility and stupidity will be opened to the public, same as the Mint, Cabin John's Bridge and Zoo.

GREATEST collection of two-tailed coats assembled in same spot since Versailles carnival broke up the Democratic party.

THE old town is as top-heavy with patent-leather dogs as a set of synthetic dice. Walking sticks and monacles worn right out in the broad daylight.

MOST expensive side-show ever gathered together under one tent. Specimens imported from rice pastures of China. Garlic swamps of Italy. Fomage beds of Holland and rabbit dens of France.

GREAT BRITAIN was combed for rarest species of statesmanship on tap. Slightly more done but served with Latin trimmings, the Portuguese exhibit can't be equalled this side of Greenview Village.

JAPAN has forwarded her best nonsense burners to help make the Mardi Gras seem mysterious and important, and Belgium is there like all four cylinders of a fliv.

AMERICA is giving the party. She is mama and papa both. First thing Secretary Hughes asked for was to scrap. It was like dropping a torch in a powder garage.

DIPLOMATS took the cotton out of their ears. Somebody suggested it was gun cotton. Everybody immediately adjourned for Sunday and Monday to recover from the blow.

WHEN the gang heard America's proposal to be honest about this thing, eyebrows lifted, shoulders shrugged and a silent salvo of "Ahs" went up. You could have heard a cork-screw drop.

NOTHING but canoes for the next ten years seems to be the official battle cry. Which is a wonderful argument in favor of that small little boat that sails on land.

World's Annual Rainfall. The amount of rain annually falling upon the earth's surface is equivalent to a layer of water of the uniform depth for the whole globe of about thirty-five and one-half inches. The amount falling on land, about twenty-nine and a fourth inches.

## Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

HE'S FIVE years old.

AND HIS name is Donald.

AND EVERY time.

THAT I prepare.

TO DRIVE somewhere.

HE COMES running up.

FROM WHERE he plays.

AND WANTS to know.

IF I'm going far.

AND IF I'm not.

I TAKE him in.

AND HE goes with me.

WHO I don't know.

AND HIS father is

OR WHAT he does.

BUT DONALD says.

HE'S A very nice man.

AND HAS a hundred dollars.

AND A lot of nickels.

HE TOLD me this.

JUST YESTERDAY.

AND HE further said.

THAT THE shoes he wore.

COST \$35.

AND THE little cap.

ON THE top of his head.

COST \$50.

AND EVERY morning.

HE ATE a hundred

prunes.

I THANK you.

AND A dish of oat meal.

AND ONCE upon a time.

HE ATE a whole watermelon.

AND DIDN'T get sick.

AND HE had an aunt.

WITH SO many nickels.

SHE COULDN'T count them.

AND HIS uncle was dead.

AND THEY had a cat.

THAT ALWAYS has kittens.

AND FIGHTS with dogs.

AND IF ever his father.

GOT TWO hundred dollars.

HE WAS going to buy an auto.

AND HE had an uncle.

WHO WASN'T dead.

AND THE very next time.

I WASN'T going far.

WOULD I let him go.

HE'S VERY good company.

IS THIS Donald boy.

AND HIS only fault.

IS HE talks so fast.

HE CHANGES subjects.

RIGHT IN the middle

## Eager for Particulars

"If you marry that screen star you'll be sorry."

"Why?"

"She's been divorced three times and won't live with you a year."

"Yes, I know; but why do you think I'll be sorry?"

## Airy Optimism

It is easy enough to be pleasant when there's nothing to worry about; But the man worth while is the man who can smile When his very last match blows out.

The men who fuss most about the things women don't wear are the ones whose observations are of least importance to the women.

## Do Your Christmas Shopping Early and CHEERFULLY

A MILLION times you are told: SHOP EARLY. Those that have consideration for others do it. To postpone shopping that can as well be done early is to cause needless trouble to others, and MISS THE COMPLETE SELECTIONS.

When you advise friends to shop early, as you will do if you are interested in better business, you should add AND SHOP CHEERFULLY.

You know how tired it makes a woman to shop for half a day. As for a man, he couldn't do it.

Consider the strain put on the organization of the stores at Christmas time, when men and women, from the head of the firm to the "bundle girl" wrapping up your purchase, are all inevitably worked to the limit of capacity.

They must be cheerful, it is their profession, and wonderfully they control themselves and their nerves, resisting the temptation to "speak as they are spoken to"—rudely, too often.

Spending money, reasonably, in accordance with your means is wise and useful now, and all through the year.

Spending your money and doing your shopping with courtesy, with a smile for the tired girl, with thanks for the attentive man, makes your shopping a double blessing.

Politeness and cheerfulness are the oil that keep the ball-bearings of social life and good business in working order. The oil of politeness costs NOTHING; on the contrary, it helps him that pours it out and him upon whom it is poured.

Ill-temper begets ill-temper and poisons the nerves. When you are impolite to others, or angry, you poison yourself.

Suavity, a smile, a friendly word of appreciation, patience in the face of a little unavoidable waiting, consideration for those that work harder than you do at the Christmas season—those things make your work of shopping easier in the long run. They mark you as the considerate man who understands the difficulties of others.

Do your shopping EARLY; that is one sign of courtesy.

Do your shopping CHEERFULLY and POLITELY; that is the sign of a good heart and a considerate mind. To help business, help it to go smoothly.

## Is Darwinism Smallpox?

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN told thirteen hundred future school teachers that "Darwinism is as bad as smallpox, and undermines the law of God."

To undermine that law ought to be difficult. You can't undermine the law of gravitation or the multiplication table. How can you undermine other laws of God?

Mr. Bryan says if some of the guesses were cut out of science there would be no conflict with the Bible.

What Mr. Bryan says about Darwinism all the religious people formerly said about the theory that the earth is round.

Such a theory seemed to interfere with the first verse of the seventh chapter of Revelations:

"I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth."

"If the earth were round," said they, "it couldn't have four corners, and the Bible is contradicted." But all that has been adjusted.

If Darwinism is not true it will not do any harm. If it is true, it will do only good. That is how truth works. No Darwin can undermine eternal law or seriously interfere with it.

Annetta Morondi came from Italy on the steamship Belvedere to marry George Foster, American soldier, whom she met in Italy. She brought her two young sisters, Julia and Francesca, George having said he could find husbands for them. Sure enough, he had the two good husbands waiting at the dock, his brother Henry and their cousin, Frederick Martin.

All six got licenses and were married. May they live happily ever afterward. Such marriages are full of hope. The young Italian girls bring the power and energy of an ancient race that has fought, won and progressed for three thousand years. The young American husbands will contribute their share to the next generation. And the human MIXTURE, which is the best kind of human being, will take a fresh start.

Eight per cent is the rate of profit that landlords are entitled to, according to one high court. Ten per cent, allowed at first, is cut down. Perhaps the eight per cent will be cut as money gets cheaper. Eight per cent on real estate, that cannot run away, its value created by the mothers that increase the population, seems fair, to put it mildly.

In Pittsburgh is sold a drink called "Sweet Lucy." One dose of "Sweet Lucy," according to reporters, lands you in the police station, and you need somebody to get you there. After one drink you insist on fighting, after two drinks you remember nothing. The worst of it is that "Sweet Lucy" is mild and pleasant to the taste, probably very high in alcohol content. It carries you under your overcoat enough to make it so hard to wipe out bootlegging.